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SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1902.

CIRCULATION DURING MAY.

Charles W. Knapp, General Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of May, 1902, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date	Copies	Date	Copies
1.....	111,990	17.....	114,229
2.....	112,590	18 Sunday.....	119,340
3.....	114,943	19.....	113,430
4 Sunday.....	118,270	20.....	113,950
5.....	111,770	21.....	113,290
6.....	111,760	22.....	114,140
7.....	112,000	23.....	114,420
8.....	111,910	24.....	115,700
9.....	112,630	25 Sunday.....	120,280
10.....	115,170	26.....	114,170
11 Sunday.....	118,310	27.....	114,990
12.....	113,410	28.....	114,610
13.....	112,500	29.....	114,440
14.....	112,500	30.....	114,530
15.....	112,740	31.....	116,720
16.....	114,810		
Total for the month.....	3,547,350		

Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed.....63,110

Net number distributed.....3,479,240

Average daily distribution.....112,233

And said Charles W. Knapp further says that the number of copies returned and reported unsold during the month of May was 6.9 per cent.

CHAS. W. KNAPP.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of May, 1902.

J. F. FARISH,
 Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo.
 My term expires April 26, 1906.

The St. Louis carrier force of The Republic deliver more than 54,000 copies every day. This is nearly four times as many as any other morning newspaper delivery in St. Louis and more than twice as many as any morning or evening delivery.

WORLD'S—1904—FAIR.

BOER BLOOD IN THIS COUNTRY.

Mr. W. D. Symman of Cape Colony, who has been in this country for some months, after having served with the Boers in the field, expresses the hope that the United States Government will open the way for Boer settlements in such States as New Mexico, Arizona, Texas or Colorado.

Mr. Symman himself is subject to imprisonment for having taken up arms against England, the Cape Colony Boers being British subjects. All the colonial Boers thus offending against an alien ruler are to be punished, and for this reason, Mr. Symman explains, many of them, especially those already refugees from their native land, are desirous of coming to the United States. "They would make good citizens," he says. "No one would need to be ashamed of them."

Unquestionably these people would be welcomed by Americans as bringing a fresh strain of liberty-loving blood into this country. By all means, if they are to become political exiles from South Africa, we may well afford to offer inducements for them to assume American citizenship and to settle in States where the pastoral conditions make an especial appeal to them. The mutual advantage would be at least even—were they badly needed men who are so faithful to the teachings of the American Revolutionary patriots as are these indomitable people.

While the Federal Government does not possess the authority to give them special privileges, there are an abundance of land and a hearty welcome awaiting all the Cape men who choose to settle in America.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES.

Why not have a new degree or several, indeed, for the universities to distribute? Recent events on the rostrums of some of our best institutions would seem to justify an effort to secure a little more consistency between the letter and spirit of the honors which have been conferred upon distinguished lights.

Miss Gould has just been made a Master of Letters. Prince Henry has an LL. D. as one result of his trip to this country. Prince Ito became a doctor of something or other when he passed through on his way to England. And thus and so on, here and there, men and women whom all delight to honor receive titles which, while high-sounding, signify little, since they possess no appropriateness.

Andrew Carnegie is an LL. D. and no one begrudges him the degree. Yet, so far is he from being specially fitted for the honor—even granting that his publications are meritorious—that the conferring of the degree must be explained on the ground that his efforts as a philanthropist gained him the title. Andrew Carnegie the author would never have received the honor. Carnegie the library builder is betitled.

So with Miss Gould. Her good works deserve of unstinted praise. Prince Henry as the guest of this country was the recipient of honors, not Henry the accomplished mathematician and navigator. Ito, learned as he is, received his degree because of his notable work as the financial head of the Japanese system.

Why not confer degrees which signify? Why not memorialize Miss Gould as a Master of Charities? Carnegie as a P. L. would be recognized as the patron of libraries. Ito as a Doctor of Finance would be best labeled.

Of course there should be some plan or classification of these degrees. There are lines of activity which are just as worthy of high credit as the delving into philosophy or achievement in the world of letters. J. P. Morgan, J. W. Gates, Russell Sage and a few other notable figures have a proficiency in financial manipulation which requires a certain deep study

above the ken of the average student of the bread-and-butter proposition. There are some whose distinguished services in philanthropy are entitled to just as great appreciation; notably Carnegie, Rockefeller, Pearson and others who realize the responsibilities of their stewardship in a greater or less measure.

Masters and Doctors of Finance and Philosophy they may be, but the imagination must be stretched before they can be termed aught else. Yet the close of each school year marks the conferring of degrees whose meaning is inconsistent with their achievements. The Board of Control which first solves the problem will have done much toward removing from its university the reproach of not making the punishment fit the crime.

A HAPPY MEDIUM'S TIE THING.

Novelist Booth Tarkington, who has won a deservedly high literary reputation with his two strongly contrasting stories, "The Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," is justified in his belief that, to do the best work that is in him, he must now draw out of the busy world of society.

In arriving at this decision, however, Mr. Tarkington has, perhaps, gone a bit to extremes in "denouncing" as well as renouncing society. The truth of the matter is, as most persons will agree, that society is very well in its way; an organization, so to speak, of people of pleasant manners and of sociable minds, who come together because they like to meet one another, and whose intercourse is delightful and repay in exact proportion to the kindness and wit contributed by each to the general fund. The world as a whole would be rather a dull place were it not for the social instinct of mankind.

The very fact that a well-bred society possesses an especially potent fascination for persons of emotional and imaginative temperaments causes the danger for creative artists which exists in such society. The truth may not be denied that the highest and truest work of the craftsman in letters or in the other fine arts is the work done in isolation more or less complete, lovingly brooded over in solitariness of spirit, its inspiration and its performance alike intensified by loneliness. There must be a knowledge of the world, and of men and women, but this knowledge bears its best fruit in remoteness. And surely there must be an inborn love of one's fellows, their strength and their weakness, their virtues and their faults, if a work of genuine human sympathy is to be produced, and this very love makes dear their comradeship to the artist.

The problem confronted by all creative minds, and which Booth Tarkington has not by any means solved in "denouncing" society, is that of satisfying, without too great a sacrifice of one's living-time, a healthful friendliness for one's kind. A happy medium is what Mr. Tarkington should seek; an occasional vacation healthily passed in social intercourse with the great world, this recreative season made peculiarly enjoyable by long sessions of hard work intervening. Being a young man, full of a wholesome optimism and much generous ardor, Mr. Tarkington will doubtless himself plainly discern this truth after, say, a year spent in the quiet of his Indiana farm.

MEANS A TRAINED RESERVE ARMY.

Perhaps the most promising feature of the contemplated army and navy maneuvers along the Atlantic seaboard in a defense of the Long Island Sound approach to New York City is that which includes the militia among the forces to be benefited by this practice of the art of war.

Of course, movements of this nature in time of peace are of great value to the regular militant establishment in both the land and sea branches of the service, and are, therefore, well worth the cost.

Our naval gunners proved, in the war with Spain, of what vital advantage had been the years of target-practice, against the expense of which so many foolish protests were voiced. There is but one way to make effective fighters, and that is to give plentiful training in the art of fighting.

The militia, however, will be the greatest beneficiary of the coming maneuvers, and this is eminently satisfactory for the reason that, in time of war, the militia necessarily comprises the great bulk of an American army. The nearer the State soldiery can be brought to the standard of the regular establishment the better.

This fact of its employment with regulars in the Long Island Sound campaign should be but the beginning of a closer association with the army in the matter of training, equipment and discipline. The contemplated maneuvers may be commended with especial heartiness and should be studied with the keenest interest by all persons who favor encouragement of American soldiery.

HOLD THE JINGLES TO ACCOUNT.

Great Britain may well afford to honor and highly reward Lord Kitchener and all the officers and enlisted men of her army who served with distinction in the bloody South African war. These men deserve acclaim for duty well done under exceptionally trying conditions.

But for such men as Jingo Joe Chamberlain, now that the war of their making is ended after a ghastly sacrifice of British blood, treasure and prestige, there should be an accounting which they will remember with shame to the end of their days. Too proud to rebuke and punish these men while the war was still under way, Great Britain may now well afford to deal with them as they deserve.

Colonial Secretary Chamberlain is the most costly Englishman to England that has ever been bred. The next great war in which England figures will be directly chargeable to his account. For reasons of colonial personal selfishness—to advance himself to the British Premiership and to promote the fortunes of Cecil Rhodes, his master—Chamberlain precipitated the South African war at a moment when England was singularly unprepared. The result has been appalling in its effect upon England's militant standing in the eyes of her enemies. It has unquestionably moved the other European Powers to a more aggressive spirit toward Great Britain. That a war will be the ultimate outcome of this readjustment of estimates is the common European belief.

Jingo Joe Chamberlain should find that his political ambitions have come to a dead wall. He has wrought enough injury, through selfishness, to his country. The Premiership ought not to go to Chamberlain as a "reward" for achievements which have imperiled England as never before in her history.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN'S VIEW.

During the course of her brief stay in this country the Countess de Rochembeau has made something of a study of the American people, as was natural to an interested visitor, and is much surprised at the result, which necessitates a readjustment of estimates.

This distinguished Frenchwoman had been told that Americans are crassly materialistic, that they value the almighty dollar above everything else, that the finer and nobler treasures of living go unheeded and belittled—such treasures as gentle thinking, serenity of soul, the love of beauty, the graces of good manners, the joy and inspiration of high ideals. This is truly the European view of Americans.

Yet the Countess de Rochembeau finds that it is an erroneous view. She has discovered that Americans are more quickly and powerfully moved by senti-

mental than by material considerations. She has been deeply touched by the sincere regard in which Americans hold the names of the heroes of the Revolution, that of Rochembeau among them. She says that the memory of what we have done for the stricken people of Martinique will live forever. To her mind, such things as these disprove the charge that we are a materialistic nation.

The truth of the matter is, perhaps, that we have the faults and virtues of all young peoples who have had a strenuous existence. Unquestionably, the materialistic side of our natures has been amply developed by conditions which made it imperative that we should be intensely practical. But equally true is it that American life has stimulated sincere sentiment and honest idealism to a singular extent. The encouragement of the situation is that we have come to the present stage of our history with this genuine sentiment and idealism so much in evidence that such an observer as the Countess de Rochembeau believes the materialistic in us to be dominated thereby. We have become accustomed to our foreign visitors discerning the worst in us at a glance. There is something refreshing in the fact that this gentleman of France has, instead, discerned the best—and to her own great surprise.

St. Louis is to be congratulated on the successful termination of the movement to secure a guarantee fund for the proper maintenance of the Choral-Symphony Society during the season of 1902-03. The requisite number of subscribers has been obtained, and the society is thereby enabled to confront the coming year with every confidence of increased achievement. The new board of officers and managers take charge of the Choral-Symphony Society's affairs at an auspicious moment and may well be animated by a commendable determination to make the approaching musical season exceptionally notable.

Even with an 11,000,000-bale cotton crop, prices will not drop far from the high mark which has been maintained during the past two seasons. The excellent reports of conditions are of the sort to encourage every one interested in the welfare of the South. The sections of the country which suffered from the drought last year will be blessed by the bumper crop which is promised. With a good yield and fair prices prosperity is assured.

Senator Hanna's "great" speech in behalf of the Panama Canal route will doubtless please the transcontinental railway corporations immensely. It promises to so delay action on the canal project as to entirely defeat all canal legislation in the end, and this is just what the railroads want.

RECENT COMMENT.

Alfred Belt, Magnate.

The World To-Day.
 At the present date Mr. Belt possesses a controlling interest in companies having a nominal capital of \$100,000,000. He is a director of the Rand and Bultfontein mines, of the Rhodesia Railways, of the Bechuanaland Railway Trust, and of the Transvaal Consolidated Lands Company. The last-named company possesses more than 2,000,000 acres of the most valuable agricultural and mineral land in the Republic. The actual amount of Mr. Belt's wealth is unascertainable, but it is a very conservative and perhaps inadequate estimate.

Mr. Belt's most notable quality is his conservatism in business operations, already commented upon. Smaller speculators trust him and his schemes without trepidation, though he is a leader in one of the most perilous of industries. Another almost equally prominent characteristic of his is a uniform courteousness and quietness of demeanour.

In his business offices in Bishopsgate street, London—the most magnificent in the city—he is practically inaccessible. The assistant to his private secretary cannot be approached without an introduction; and it is even reported to be difficult to get into his outer offices. Nearly all his clerks are Oxford or Cambridge men, and some of them belong to the aristocracy.

The belief is prevalent that Mr. Belt does not give profusely to charity; but private friends assert that his gifts during the last ten years, made without ostentation, exceed those of the Rothschilds. If this report is true, the South African financier is a prince of philanthropists.

His house in Park Lane reflects the inherent reticence of the man. It is sober and simple in taste. Here he occasionally gives an elegant dinner, generally to business friends; but his table is rarely graced by the smiles and chatter of women, for Mr. Belt is a confirmed bachelor, and, like his departed friend, Mr. Rhodes, is reputed to be a woman-hater. His favored recreation is the theater; but he spends a good part of his leisure in equestrian pleasures.

Difficulties of the Balloonist.

The World To-Day.
 It readily appears that by means of the balloon, in many cases, the information necessary to decide important questions of military strategy may be easily obtained. We must not forget, however, that the aeronaut is very dependent upon the wind, and in a strong wind the use of the balloon is impossible on account of the great danger of its breaking away; also the aeronaut can make observations only when the atmosphere is clear. There are also difficulties due to objects on the land which obstruct the view. Buildings, timber, and even the rows of trees along the highways, forests, and undulations of the land often conceal troops or movements of the enemy, or deceive the observer by false appearances.

We must not forget the difficulties due to the physical condition of the observer himself. Even when the air is absolutely still the strain of several hours of close observation, together with the constant signaling, by telephone or otherwise, is so great as to exhaust the observer. As the lifting of the balloon makes observation very difficult and often causes real sea sickness.

Boodle in Business.

Lippincott's for June.
 I have spoken of bribery in the households in America. It is by no means unknown in business. There are certain positions, the holders of which make large purchases for corporations, that are considered to be very valuable because of the perquisites outside of the salary. It used to be the case—we may now be living in a purer atmosphere—that the officers of insurance companies always expected a personal bonus when purchasing bonds with the money of the policy holders. The poorer the investment the larger the bonus. Such are secret commissions of the most obnoxious kind, and are clearly punishable by existing law. Besides, civil actions can be maintained to recover from officers who thus abuse their trusts.

Marie Antoinette's Omen.

Henry Francis in the Era.
 The architect who had the range of the royal furnishings, by some inexplicable fatality, had selected for the scene the hideous hymenaeal of Jason and Medea, the theme of marital tragedy for a thousand years. It could hardly have been thoughtless caprice that chose this first glimpse of her new life. To Goddess the sinister figures of the tragic wife and mother seemed to mingle with her new state. Whether Marie Antoinette realized the incongruousness of the hideous hymenaeal she gave no evidence, beyond the surprised expression, "Ah, what an omen."

Eternity.

Old Poem by Whittier in Independent.
 Time—what is time to thee? a passing thought
 To twice ten thousand ages a faint spark
 To twice ten thousand suns a fiber wrought
 Into the web of infinite—a cork
 Balanced against a world; we hardly mark
 Its being—even its name half ceased to be;
 Thy wave hath swept it from us, and thy dark
 Mantle of years, in dim obscurity
 Hath shrouded it around: Time—what is time to thee!

The Real South African Victors.

Chicago Chronicle.
 His Imperial Majesty speaks of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State as "my new dominions." Messrs. Jameson, Buller et al., of the British South African Company, will chuckle softly at the assumption, but they will not dispute it. His Imperial Majesty's troops come to the aid of the British South African Company's troops to extend its possessions. The harmless fiction is a cheap piece to pay for them.

FROM THE GREAT POETS.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY CAMPBELL.

Few poets of reputation whose span has been extended to the three score and ten abated years have written so little as Campbell. He was too much a dreamer, and at times may have lost his opportunity from the sheer weight of indolence. And yet, considering the value of the legacy he has left, we have no reason to complain. But it is on his poems that the future reputation of Campbell must principally rest. They have taken their place, near to the best in the popular heart; and until the language in which they are written proves, they are certain to endure.—Wm. E. Austin, D. C. L., author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 Auld Ullin gave thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry."
 "Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "O, I'm the chief of Ullin's tale,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter."

"And fast before father's men
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather."

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride
 When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the chief—Highland plight,
 "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready—
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady."

"And by my word! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry;
 So, though the waves are raging white,
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm crew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking;
 And in the swell of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their tramp loud rattling nearer.

"O, hush thee, hush!" the lady cries,
 "Though tempests roar and thunder,
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father."

"Come back! come back!" he cried
 In grief,
 "Across this stormy water;
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—O, my daughter!"

"Twas vain—the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Before and preventing;
 The waters wild went on their course,
 And he was left lamenting."

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